

# THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo. sec. xxxvi.*

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

NOV. 7, 1839.

NO. CXc.—NEW SERIES, NO. XCVII.

{PRICE 3d.  
{STAMPED, 4d.

Our attention is called by a correspondent to a continuation of M. Maurel's anti-Mozartian disquisitions in the last number of *La France Musicale*. They are illustrated by engraved examples in musical type; but are not a whit more profound on that account. These examples consist merely of specimens of florid vocal writing, taken from several of Mozart's operas, and an attempt is made to show that the music is in contrast with the sentiment. We have neither space nor inclination to defend the precise local propriety of these *fleur-de-lis*, most of which were written to suit the style and voice of the hero and heroine; but merely state our conviction that for every solecism here mentioned, it would be easy to cite ten from Rossini, whose triplets have done duty as interpreters of every passion that agitates the human breast.

The article in question draws a comparison between *Le Nozze* and the *Barbiere*. We will translate a few passages:—

“An interesting parallel might be drawn between the *Barbiere* and the *Nozze*, thus bringing to issue the greatest and most inventive genius of the lyrical drama (according to the creed of the Conservatoire), and the most celebrated composer of our time. There is room for a rigorous comparison between these works; for they are nearly of the same age, the interval between them being one of thirty years only. Mozart and Rossini have brought the same characters on the stage; they have taken the same subject; they have needed the same vocal and instrumental resources; they have each of them a *Figaro*, an *Almaviva*, a *Rosina*, a *Bartholo*, and a *Basilio*. Now any musical amateur has a right to prefer the melodies and instrumentation of *Le Nozze* to that of the *Barbiere*; but the critic

VOL. XIII—NEW SERIES, VOL. V.

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[Printed by John Leighton, 11, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.]

has a right to affirm that the whole spirit of Beaumarchais has been transfused into the *Barbiere*, and that there is not a spark of it in the *Nozze*.

"The music of the *Barbiere* possesses merit of the rarest kind. It has a well sustained character, both as a whole, and in its minutest details; and is equally admirable for its variety. The least practised ear is enabled to seize the distinctive traits of *Figaro*, *Almaviva*, *Bartholo*, and *Rosina*—each speaks an appropriate language. Dramatic genius is so conspicuous in this music, that we might even dispense with the words, and Beaumarchais be no loser. Rossini is ever a correct interpreter of the ideas, situations, and personages of the *Barber of Seville*.

"The music of *Le Nozze*, if we except the airs for the *Page* and *Countess*, is devoid of character. It is an insipid and indistinct melange of all styles, and all schools. *Figaro* himself has many styles—which is synonymous with having none at all. The most celebrated airs might be taken, and distributed among five or six other operas, their value would not be affected thereby, as they have no local merit; *Bartholo* and *Basilio* are too insignificant to particularise.

"In conception, dramatic truth, colouring and style, the *Nozze* is far inferior to the *Barbiere*. In scenic effect, the inferiority is still more decided."

The remainder of the article is devoted to an examination of the *Idomeneo*, which we have not room to notice at present. In drawing the parallel between the *Nozze* and *Barbiere*, M. Maurel represents the subjects as identical, which is incorrect. Beaumarchais wrote a dramatic trilogy; or three connected plays, in which the same characters, with a few additions, in the second and third figure, throughout. They are called, *Le Barbier de Seville*, *Le Mariage de Figaro*, and *La Mère Coupable*. Now the first of these is the subject of Rossini's libretto, the second that of Mozart—and the plot and situations are entirely different.

We have devoted many pages to the Mozart controversialists. It is not for us to estimate the quantum of instruction or amusement that our readers may have derived therefrom; we must however, while we thank our correspondents for various interesting communications, earnestly recommend them to be more studious of brevity, and to avoid all those personal recriminations, which can be of no lasting advantage to the disputants, and are a dead loss to the public.

#### CHARACTERISTICS OF RUBINI.

*From La France Musicale.*

We feel some little hesitation in undertaking a sketch of an artist, who holds incontestably the first place among the singers of the present day. There is not to be found in all musical history, a name of more deserved celebrity than that of Rubini; nor could any artist be quoted whose genius has been revealed to us in greater splendour, or more constant superiority. Rubini's reputation is colossal—all Europe has saluted him King of song.

Rubini is still young: he was born at Romano, a small place four leagues from Bergamo. In 1812 he was a chorus singer at the Bergamo theatre, and in little estimation. It is not, however, our intention to trace the successive steps of his career; we are not writing a biography, but attempting an analytical study of his voice and style, which latter, though never yet reduced to writing, has, like that of Garcia, exercised an influence on all schools whatever.

Rubini's voice is a tenor in the full sense of the word, extending in chest notes from E to B natural, with a falsetto reaching to F; the whole intonated with perfect truth and evenness. The scale we have mentioned is one of two octaves and a note, but this is but his ordinary compass; for we heard him, last year, in Roberto Devereux, ascend to the G. But the feat had not been executed before, and he appeared to be himself astonished at his own achievement.

The power of his voice is equal to the most trying dramatic exigencies; but never shocks the ear by too rough displays of force. His voice is, as it were, clothed in a light gauze, which, without impeding the most rapid flights, softens the asperities that are inseparable from energetic vibration. Hence the ineffable softness and charm in his expression of accents of grief and tenderness. It may be said, without exaggeration or metaphor, that he has tears in his voice.

To these rare and precious qualities, nature has largely contributed, but art also has done wonders. One of its prodigies is visible in the transition from the chest voice to the falsetto, and vice versa. For example, when he reaches the limit of his chest register, he passes the bridge so marvellously, as to defy the most accurate ear to seize the exact moment of change. Another of his artistical perfections consists in the management of his respiration. Gifted with a chest and lungs of great capacity and volume, he measures his *expiration* so as to lose but just that quantity of breath necessary to produce the length of note required. His method of *inspiring* is also one of his secrets, and difficult to describe. He dissembles it so adroitly, that we cannot catch the moment of repletion. To explain this phenomenon, we must suppose that he empties and fills his lungs almost instantaneously, and without the smallest interval; as though we were to empty a cup with one hand, and fill it again with the other. It is easy to imagine the advantage accruing from such a faculty, the combined production of art and nature. He is enabled thereby to colour and diversify his phrases, and to execute the longest passages without solution of continuity.

No singer excels him in the agility and flexibility of his vocal organs—they adapt themselves alike to the most capricious and unexpected freaks of composition, and to the demand for the most arduous efforts. Every species of ornament and *floritura* is given with a perfection that is the despair of other singers. With a power of surpassing the most rapid instrumental flights, he is yet sober and judicious in his use of embellishment. He is, perhaps, the first of singers similarly endowed, who has recognized the incompatibility of florid vocalization and true dramatic passion. There are works, the Lucia for example, in which he abstains in toto from *floriture*. And who will question his dramatic intelligence? He is, at once, the most brilliant, and the most expressive singer that has ever appeared.

Occasionally, indeed, he may be found revelling in the malleability of his organ, and indulging in all sorts of *gorgheggi*. Thus in the famous *Mosè* duett, he smothers the composition with a mass of pearls and embroidery. But we know full well that this is only a concession involuntarily made to his less intelligent auditors—those, namely, who care little for truth, if they can be amused with the difficulties of a style at best very equivocal—resembling those amateurs of painting who prefer gay and gaudy tints to the colouring of truth and nature.

We have been told by many who have seen Rubini, that he is a cold and stiff actor; and some even deny entirely his claim to the title. This again is an error easy of refutation. The immobility of which they accuse him, is the necessary consequence of his style of singing. Observe Rubini in his famous *Adagios*, motionless, and with the head thrown back so as to give a wider passage to the sound—the least swaying of the body would cause an undulation in the voice, and impair that equality and finish, the charm of which is indescribable.

Let it not be thought that Rubini is only a sublime singer. He must be seen in situations of despair and wrath, darting his notes like thunderbolts, in order to gain a just conception of his histrionic truth and power. In the finale of *Otello*, and the curse in the Lucia, we know not whether the singer or actor is most worthy of admiration.

As Rubini excels all his predecessors in whatever they have attempted, so he has enriched the science with many novel conceptions. To mention one only:

he is the first that has introduced those powerful aspirations which may be styled *à répercussion*; consisting in prolonged efforts on the same note, before the cadence is resolved. This species of musical sob is productive of great effect, and there is now scarcely a singer who has not tried to imitate it.

However, as nothing on earth is perfect, Rubini himself pays his tribute to human nature. In our opinion, he is too careless in recitative. Again, in concerted pieces, he scarcely takes the trouble to sing at all: the mouth occasionally opens, but nothing is heard. It may be said that Rubini, in concerted music, has no entity. Moreover, he often sings in falsetto what should come from the chest. It is, perhaps, to some such cunning artifices that Rubini owes the complete preservation of his organ, which is as fresh as in early youth; this extreme negligence may, nevertheless, compromise the ideas of the composer, and paralyze the efforts of his comrades. We mean not this as a reproach, but merely an observation which our critical conscience forbids us to withhold, and which in no way affects our cordial appreciation of his magnificent talents.

We have said nothing of the character of Rubini, as our business has been with the artist only. We cannot, however, terminate this sketch without rendering homage to the generosity of his feelings, the simplicity of his habits, and the nobleness of his heart. All his friends and acquaintances bear testimony to his high qualities, both as an artist and man of the world.

#### MARTIN LUTHER'S DISCOURSE ON MUSIC,

(Translated from the German.)

I wished from my heart to praise and extol that beautiful and artistical gift of God, the liberal art of music; but I find that it is of such great utility, and is such a noble and majestic art, that I do not know where I should begin or end praising it, or in what manner and form I should praise it, as indeed it meriteth praise and the love and esteem of every one, and I am hence so much overpowered by the rich fulness of the praise of this art, that I cannot extol it sufficiently, for who can say and show all that might be written and spoken on this subject. Yea, even if one would say and show all, he would nevertheless forget much, and it is utterly impossible that this noble art can be praised enough.

In the first place, if we look into the matter, we shall find that this art was, from the beginning of the world, given by God to all and every creature, and created with all from the beginning; for there is nothing in the world which doth not give from itself a sound. Yea, even the air which is in itself invisible and incomprehensible, in which there seemeth to be the least music, that is the least beautiful sound, and which appeareth quite mute and silent, if it be moved and driven through anything, it giveth its own music, its own sound, and that which was before mute, now beginneth to have a voice, and to become music, that it may be heard and comprehended, although it was not heard and comprehended before, and through it doth the spirit reveal great and marvellous secrets, whereof I will not speak at this present.

But the music and sound of animals and of birds in particular, is far more marvellous. Ah! what noble music it is, wherewith the Almighty God in Heaven has endowed his singing-master, the clear nightingale with her young scholars, and all the thousands of birds in the air, so that every race hath its own kind of melody, its own sweet, noble voice, and wondrous "colouring," which no man on earth can comprehend. King David, that precious musician, who at his psaltery and harp singeth and playeth his godly song, beareth witness himself with great admiration and joyousness of spirit, to the wondrous songs of the birds, and in the 104th Psalm thus singeth and prophesieth—"Thereupon sit the birds of heaven and sing among the branches."

But what shall I say of the voice of man in comparison to which all other songs and sounds are to be counted as nought, for God hath endowed it with such music, that his surpassing and incomprehensible goodness and wisdom may not be understood even in this single nature. The philosophers and the learned have toiled much and laboured to fathom this wondrous work and art of the human voice, and to find how it is that the air, by such a slight motion of the tongue, and by a still less motion of the neck or throat, and moreover in a manifold

fashion as it is guided and governed by the mind, can with force and might give out words, sounds, and songs, so that they are not only distinctly heard by every one at a great distance; but are also understood. They have only known how to search, but have been able to find; and no one hath appeared who hath been able to say and to show whence cometh the laughter of man (to say nothing of the weeping), and how it is that man laugheth. They marvel, but cannot explain, and thus the matter remaineth as it was. Those who have more time than we, we recommend to reflect on the immeasurable wisdom of God as displayed in this single creature. I merely wished to touch on it briefly.

Now should I speak of the use of this noble art, which is so great, that no one, however eloquent, can set it forth sufficiently, I can show one thing to which experience beareth witness, and that is, that according to the Holy word of God, nothing deserveth to be so highly praised and extolled as music, and for this reason, that music is the strong and mighty governor of every movement of the human heart, (to say nought of the hearts of beasts at present,) by which man is often governed and overcome, even as it were, by a master.

Nothing on earth is stronger, to make the sad joyful, the joyful sad, and the timid, bold, to charm the haughty to humility, to calm and quiet hot and excessive love, to lessen envy and hatred, and if any one can recount to me all the emotions of the human heart, by which people are swayed, and driven either to virtue or vice, I will say, that nothing is more mighty than music to curb and govern these same emotions of the mind. Yea, the Holy Ghost himself praiseth and honoureth this noble art, as the instrument of his purpose, leaving witness in the holy scriptures, that his gifts, that is the impelling and incitement to all kinds of virtues, and good works, were by music given to the prophets, as we see in the case of the prophet Elisha, who, when he was about to prophesy, ordered that a minstrel should be brought to him, and when the minstrel played upon the strings then came the hand of the Lord upon him. Again the Scripture sheweth that Satan, who leads people to all vice and badness, is expelled by music, as is seen in the case of King Saul, over whom, when the Spirit of God came, David took the harp, and played with his hand, upon which Saul revived and became better, and the evil spirit left him. Hence, the holy fathers have not in vain set the word of God to music in various ways, that music might always abide with the church, and we have therefore so many precious songs and psalms, which both by the words and the music set the heart of man in motion. In brutes, and in stringed and other instruments, we only hear sound without words. To man alone, above all other creatures was given speech with his voice, that he might know and be able to praise God at the same time with clear melodious discourse, and glorify God's wisdom and goodness, so that beautiful words, and charming sounds might be heard at once.

If we could compare men one with another, and consider the voice of each, so should we find what a noble and manifold creator is God in the distribution of the human voice, and what a great distinction there is in voice, speed, and expression, even though each one shall labour to acquire the manner of another, and to be like him, and to imitate all like the ape. But when the music of nature is sharpened and polished by art, then for the first time will be partly seen and recognized (for wholly comprehended and understood it cannot be) the great and perfect wisdom of God in his marvellous work Music, and that with great admiration. And it is above all marvellous that one shall sing a "*Schlechte Weise*," or a tenor (as the musicians have it), while three, four, or five other voices shall sing likewise, as it were with rejoicings round the said tenor, and play and spring, and adorn the same melody in a wondrous fashion, and lead as it were a heavenly dance, while they meet in friendship and embrace like lovers; so that those who have a little understanding in such matters and are moved, feel greatly astonished, and think there is nothing more extraordinary in the world than such a song, adorned by a number of voices. But he who findeth therein no pleasure, and is unmoved at these delightful wonders, must naturally be a dull log who is not worthy to hear such charming music, but only the wild ass-braying of the choral, or the song and music of hounds and hogs.

But I need not say very much more, for the subject and the use of this noble art is far too great and rich to be exhausted in so short a time. Hence I will



recommend this art to every one, and to young people in particular, and admonish them that they let this precious, useful, and gladsome gift of God be to them dear and sacred, as one by the knowledge and practice of which they may at times dispel bad thoughts, and avoid vice and ill company. And also that they may accustom themselves to recognize God the Creator in this his creature, and to praise him and extol him, and diligently shun those who are spoiled by unchasteness, and abuse this beautiful nature and art (as unchaste poets pervert their own) to shameful, mad, and lewd love, and moreover that they be certain that the devil hath driven such persons against nature. And forasmuch as nature should and will honour God alone, the Creator of all creatures, with such a noble gift, so are these ill-thriven children and changelings wrought on by Satan that they may rob the Lord God of such a gift, and honour and serve the devil, who is an enemy to God, to nature, and also to this delightful art.

\* \* The above curious tract is dated 1558. Rugged and tautological as the style may appear, the translator offers no apology on that account. On the contrary, he regrets that from a pure want of English words to answer to some of the full German repetitions, many an expression is omitted, and that the hard energetic style of the stout old reformer is, strange as it may seem, in a great measure diluted.

#### INCLEDONIANA.

INCLEDON AND THE JUBILEE LOZENGE.—Mr. Liston was at one period of his life a most determined joker. He and my husband were one day together in a shop in Bond Street, kept by a Mr. Amick, which was full of perfumery, beautiful toys, and nickknacks of every kind. They had been looking at some amulets, a black composition, just new, and intended for brooches on which the head of George the Third was stamped, to commemorate the jubilee. Mr. Incledon passing at the moment, observed his brother comedians, and entered the shop. He admired in turn all the pretty objects placed in every direction; and, attracted by the amulets, he inquired what they were. Before Mr. Amick could reply to his question, Mr. Liston (who was aware of Incledon's overweening love of any novelty in the shape of medicine or voice-improver), told him, they were lozenges of a most wonderful property, just discovered. As he anticipated, Mr. Incledon caught at the bait, seized up one, and examining it with much interest, observed that it was "very large" (it was about the size of a small locket.) He was told that, as only one was necessary to the cure of the person whose voice was out of order, it was made of the size requisite for the purpose;—"But," observed Mr. Liston artfully, "*you* cannot require such a thing, Incledon! There's nothing the matter with *your* voice!"—"Isn't there, my dear boy! that's all *you* know of the matter! I've been as hoarse as a raven this fortnight; in fact, I've not a note left in my voice;" a constant assertion by him when his voice was at his very best. "Well," said the wag, "If that's the case, the Jubilee Lozenge is the *very thing*." He then adduced several "cases" of its zairaculous results within his own knowledge. Upon this Incledon addressed the master of the shop, who was exceedingly embarrassed at the trick thus played upon a customer: "What, Sir, is the price of this invaluable lozenge?"—"Ten and sixpence," was the reply.—"It's a large sum for one lozenge, Sir; but, as my friend Mr. Liston assures me that it is efficacious, and as at this time I have not the ghost of a note left in my voice, from a severe cold, I'll take *one*." He then threw down the money, and put the amulet into his mouth, observing that "it was made of a very inconvenient shape; but he supposed there was some good reason for it." Mr. Liston instructed him to keep it all day in his mouth, that being the intent. Away went the singer, quite pleased with the toy for which he had paid so dearly, and the two jokers roared aloud with laughter when he was out of hearing, at the easy credulity of their unsuspecting friend.

At night everybody in the green-room was apprised of the jest, and agreed to assist in prolonging it. Mr. Incledon, who did not play until the afterpiece, entered the room with the lozenge in his mouth. Being prepared for his appearance, Mr. Liston had all his confederates assembled. They inquired, in turn, every particular about the wonderful remedy "of which they had all heard

so much. Incledon was very communicative as to its effects. "His voice was *certainly* clearer since he had had the lozenge in his mouth, but at the same time he could not withhold from them his conviction that the sucking of it had made him feel exceedingly sick;" and well it might, for it was in fact a mass of perfume, like a highly scented pastile, nauseating to the palate, as might be expected.

In the midst of the interest occasioned by this invaluable recipe, Mr. John Kemble, who had been performing in the play, and had listened to the conspiracy against the simplicity of poor Mr. Incledon, now entered, and to the surprise of all present joined in the hoax. He told Incledon that he was well acquainted with the amazing efficacy of the article; but added—"It will not be wholly effective, my dear Incledon, unless you keep it in your mouth all night!" Incledon's eyes twinkled with gratification at the interest manifested by the great tragedian in his well-being, and at his confirmation of the treasure he had obtained. "But, my dear Mr. Kemble," he replied, "may it not choke me in my sleep?"—"Oh, no," said the somewhat solemn jester; "oh no! its scarcely large enough for that. Besides, Mrs. Incledon will be aware of your struggles, and attend to you if it should get into your throat." Incledon gave him a look which had a dawn of suspicion in it; but the unmoved gravity of the speaker dispersed it when he added—, "It will do you no good unless you keep it on your tongue all night, be assured, my dear Incledon; so don't think of removing it." Poor Mr. Incledon obeyed this injunction strictly; and the next morning gave sad evidence of his obedience, appearing in the green-room with his natural ruddiness exchanged for a sickly complexion, from want of rest, and from the increasing disgust of the scented mass in his mouth.

It was now time to heighten the plot previously to breaking it up. One of the conspirators was intimate with a gentleman relishing a joke,\* and happy to assist in one. On hearing the particulars, he was induced to place a paragraph in the next day's paper, in accordance with the intended sequel to the imposture.

The time came for rehearsal. The plotters congregated in a manner that when Mr. Incledon arrived, he must of necessity see and overhear their observations. Mr. Fawcett was much perturbed, and apparently, as he held the morning's newspaper open in his hand, indignant; all, indeed, seemed shocked! "Was it possible!"—"What a monster!"—"Who could divine such an instance of hatred to the English nation!"—"Poor Incledon!"—"Has anybody seen him to-day?"—"What *will* be the consequence?"—"What a loss to the public!"—"Dreadful! Shocking! Afflicting!" &c. At this moment the group affected to perceive Incledon for the first time. They were all affection and sympathy. Mr. Liston *wept* to think he had been the innocent instrument of his friend's ruin. Mr. Mathews besought his forgiveness for his share in his destruction; and at last Incledon's suspense and agitation were so affecting to them all, that the fatal paragraph was submitted to his perusal. It was as follows:—

#### *Jubilee Lozenge.*

The public are cautioned against a specious but most injurious artifice, which has of late been practised by some unprincipled quacks. A trinket, in the form of a shirt brooch, adorned with the miniature likeness of the King, is said to be impregnated with a certain mineral property that can expel all disorders from the stomach of the wearer, who, to stimulate and call forth the essential virtue of the ornament, is desired to keep it in his mouth and suck it. The truth indeed is, that an adventitious property has been infused into the metal of which the trinket is formed; but, so far from its being of a salutary nature, its deleterious qualities are invariably experienced in subtle and slow, but infallible operation, by all the unhappy dupes to the imposture. The poison peculiarly attaches itself to the lungs, producing insensibly a decay of the vocal powers, and usually terminating in incurable hoarseness.

It is reported that the French Emperor, jealous of the superior powers of melody which our stage can boast, has lately employed some of his emissaries in persuading one of our most eminent native female singers to make use of this destructive bane to vocal excellence. It is apprehended that the same artifice will be employed to rob our most celebrated male performers of their voice, and in consequence both of their fame and their bread.

The agony of the reader at the close of the paragraph was such as to make all present desirous of explaining the jest. Incledon dropped the fatal amulet from

\* Mr. Quin, connected with "The Morning Chronicle." j

his mouth, and clasping his hands together, exclaimed, "I'm a murdered man!" and dropped on a seat.

The whole was then confessed; and the well-known good-nature of Mr. Incledon was never more apparent than in his forgiveness of this hoax against his prevailing foible.—*Memoirs of Charles Mathews, by Mrs. Mathews.*

#### JOSEPH HAYDN'S OPINION OF MOZART.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR—Would you be so good as to insert in your weekly paper the following translation about the two eminent composers, Haydn and Mozart; you will, I am sure, please some of your readers, as well as the undersigned and literal translator. The original, in German, may be seen by an application at Great Portland Street.

"In the year 1785, when the father of Mozart was yet living, and who happened to meet Haydn at the house of a noble encourager and protector of sterling music and its cultivators at Vienna, Haydn, in conversation with the father of Mozart, expressed himself thus: "I here declare to you, and before God, as a man of honour; that I consider your son the greatest composer I ever have heard of, for he possesses *gusto*, and the profoundest knowledge of the science of music and of composition."

"Again, in December 1787, Haydn wrote, in a letter to a friend at Prague, the following: "Since you are desirous to possess an Opera Buffa of my composing for your own private use, I shall cheerfully comply with your wishes, but I should by no means give my consent to have it performed at a public theatre at Prague! for what Operas I ever may have written were calculated for Prince Esterhazy's private use and localities, and would produce a very indifferent effect in public. But should I be so fortunate as to have a new Libretto to compose, then the case would be different, but then my risk were greater still! since I could not compete with Mozart!—Oh! could I but impress the minds of the lovers of music, the most eminent of them, with the merits of the inimitable works of Mozart with that deep sense to all the requisites of that godlike art, and impress their soul with the sentiments with which they have filled my bosom; then would nations die to possess such a jewel within their realms! Prague ought to keep him within its walls, but reward him also; for without that, the history of a man of genius is deplorable as well as discouraging to a next generation. It vexes me that (der einzige) the unique Mozart has not yet been promoted to an imperial, or royal Capellmeister's situation. Pray, Sir, pardon my warmth, for I love Mozart sincerely"—I have the honour to be, Sir, your most Obedient Servant,  
London, October 27th, 1839.

I. A. STUMPF.

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY ANDREW PAKK.

Lend me thine azure eye—  
Beauty's fond dwelling!  
And thy soul's melody—  
Silvered and swelling!  
Then may I win thy heart—  
Gentle and guileless!  
Till then I want the art;—  
Till then I'm smileless!  
Hope's brilliant flash is gone—  
Soothe of sorrow!  
Sadness lies where it shone—  
Fearing to-morrow?  
Speechless and vain were tears,  
Since thus we sever!  
Farewell!—still this heart wears  
Thine image—O Ever!



## THE MOZART CONTROVERSY.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—Friend Aristides is wrath at my letter, for which I am sorry; he has advised me to write good English, of which I humbly beg him to set me an example, and as a first lesson, teach me the meaning of "*perpetrating bad English in a man's disfavour.*" He says we need not be proud of discovering that Mozart has not copied Rossini, because he "only addressed those who *knew* that Rossini lived later." How does this help him? We *knew* it, and therefore he addressed himself to us amongst others, and we very properly exposed his blunder.

On looking over my letter, I do not see that it is totally unintelligible, but of course others must decide that. Let us now see how Aristides ranks as a candid writer. Here is his remark,—"*like many others* (I hope he does not allude to himself) *he is probably ignorant of the best works of the master he would undervalue, and (mark this) I have no doubt, he has heard of, but never heard the Seven Last words, and the Seasons.*" This assertion is made with a calmness which proves great practice in (what shall we call it) saying what he cannot know to be true.

Of the *Seasons*, I only know two chorusses and one air, and therefore said nothing of that work, satisfied with this, that Haydn himself rated it lower than the *Creation*. But to show Aristides how unreasonable and untrue his petulance is; and, if possible, to make him ashamed of it, I beg leave to tell him, that there is not a chorus in the *Creation* which I have not arranged from the full score. That of the "Seven Last Words," I have written out the whole, except the *Earthquake*, which I had not enough taste to admire. Mozart's masses I have played and heard many, many times, all of them; and of Haydn's, I have heard some, and played the whole; and, I must confess, that after the first, which I think the best, and the fourth and fifth, in which there are two good figures, I grew tired of a sameness which any other than Aristides would acknowledge. If Aristides would have me look at Mozart's mass in G, he must tell me which, for there are two in that key, though perhaps he did not know it. If he means the twelfth, I allow that there are many light phrases in it, but though I am aware many consider it his best, I humbly think the first is better. And why should not Mozart rank with Haydn, or rather above him? Haydn has written no mass like the *Requiem*; and if Aristides would candidly study those five mottetts of Mozart's, which are published in London, I think he would be fairly puzzled to match five of Haydn's masses against them.

Nor should I have spoken as I did of the merits of Mozart's symphonies, had I not known the scores well.

Aristides may call this boasting, but I only mean it as an answer to his headlong assertions, which will some day break his critical neck, if they have not done it already. What he means by *my clique*, I cannot say, because I belong to none, and a man who is so anxious about English, ought not to use such words. To conclude, I see no hope of Aristides' improvement. He is so wise in his own ideas, that it would be useless to tell him how silly he must seem to others, if I were inclined to imitate his rudeness; he affirms as roundly and ignorantly as at first, and keeping his proofs to himself, gives only assertions to the world. If I might ask him such a question, which of Handel's scores has he studied, or to name a mightier than he, which of Bach's? Perhaps he does wisely to neglect them: for such a poor hand at a letter could hardly have brains enough to divide amongst the fine part scores of Sebastian.

J. S.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR.—If your correspondents, touching Mozart, would look into the operas of Sarti, they may find something to write about Mozart with less of personality, and more of instruction and amusement.

I see, by the last Saturday's *La France Musicale*, that M. Maurel has taken up the subject in a more sensible manner: nothing like examples and quotations. Why do Mozart's songs please less than those of Weber and Beethoven? Because Mozart had but *one expression* for every passage and situation incident to human nature. I always laugh when I hear the old story of Mozart and expression.

Your correspondent, Aristides, mentions a mass of Mozart's in G (No. 12), as the work of that composer. When I can believe that Beethoven did not write the Posthumous Quartets, then I can believe Mozart wrote this mass. I have always understood that the thing is not Mozart's, and every perusal confirms me in that opinion.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

NO SCHOOL.

## REVIEW.

*Six New Songs and Ballads.* Written by Thomas Moore, Esq. (Cramer.)

We are rejoiced to meet Mr. Moore in the field again as a vocal writer. Erin's harp is not yet unstrung—long may it retain its spell-working accords. We do not find in the work before us any flashes of the old patriotic fire, nor many of those breathing thoughts and burning words that find a response in every impressionable bosom—still there is much that is eminently beautiful; and the collection will be hailed as a valuable addition to the stock of drawing-room favourites.

No. 1.—*They met but once.*

The air by Bellini; we think from the duet "*Vieni fra queste braccia*," in the last act of the *Puritani*; but the harmonies are much simplified; and the key changed to F. We must quote the first stanza.

They met but once, in youth's sweet hour,  
And never since that day,  
Hath absence, time, or grief had power  
To chase that dream away:  
They've seen the suns of other skies—  
On other shores have sought delight,  
But never more, to bless their eyes,  
Can come a dream so bright.

No. 2.—*Oh! do not look so bright and blest.*

The melody by the poet himself, and very creditable to his musical taste. The sentiment resembles that of "*All that's bright must fade*," and expresses a presentiment of coming evil at the very time that the heart feels lightest. We are reminded of the Scotch superstition, which considers a violent flow of spirits as the precursor of some dreadful calamity; as exemplified by *Frank Kennedy* in *Guy Mannering*.

No. 3.—*The Musical Box.* Music by Barnett.

A pretty trifle, with a long symphony à la *Valse*, in imitation of a musical snuff-box. In the last line an important moral lesson to young ladies is inculcated.

No. 4.—*When to sad music silent you listen.*

The melody by the poet. In the bass of the first bar of the symphony, the A's had better have been F's. The air is too like "*Celui qui sut toucher mon cœur*."

No. 5.—*The language of flowers.* Adapted to Thalberg's *Andante*.

The words are of a cheerful character, and perhaps not adapted to the tender expression of the original key, D flat. Still we think the change detrimental.

No. 6.—*The dawn is breaking o'er us.* The words tell a little history of indecision and debate about the day's occupation, which is protracted till evening closes, till evening closes, leaving nothing perpetrated but a moral reflection. The melody, by Balfe, is indifferent.

*Impromptu, en forme d'Etude* for the Piano, by S. Thalberg. Op. 36.—(Cramer.)

A bold and original study in A minor, requiring a firm and elastic finger, but within the capabilities of respectable performers.

*Mi manca la Voce*, by Rossini. Arranged for the Piano by the Same.—(Cramer.)

This arrangement presents an appearance of simplicity, which will be found very delusive. There is indeed nothing but the quartett, nor any one note introduced that does not belong to the harmonies; but the continuous interweaving of the canto and arpeggio accompaniments will puzzle not a few able pianists.

*Sacred Harmony* for Schools and Families, being a selection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes. Arranged for Three Voices.—(Murray, Chelsea.)

We take the liberty of cautioning "Schools and Families" against having any thing to do with this publication.

*Bellini's Last Thoughts.* *The Pride of the Valley is dead.* Words by W. M. Tolkien.—(Tolkien.)

We have little faith in "*Last Thoughts*," and still less in the authenticity of the portrait. We were not aware that Bellini was in the habit of scoring from right to left.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.  
FOREIGN.

PARIS.—The Concerts Valentino opened on the 4th of this month. A new opera in one act, by Marliani, has been produced at the Académie, entitled *Xacarilla*, and received with approbation.

The distinguished pianists Chopin and Moscheles, played at St. Cloud, on Tuesday week, at a *soiree musicale*, their Majesties, the Princess Adelaide and the Duchess of Orleans were present. They played, alternately, pieces of their own composition, and afterwards gave a sonata for four hands, composed by Moscheles, the andantino of which was encored by the Queen. Their performance terminated with two extemporaneous pieces. Moscheles took several subjects from Mozart's opera of Don Juan; and Chopin the theme *La Folie*.

## PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

LIVERPOOL.—*Mr. Felix Gatayes' Grand Soiree Musicale.*—Grand Soiree Musicale! yes! these are the terms to describe the most delightful, and at the present time, the only entertainments worthy the public taste of Liverpool. Yet, we are sorry to say, though they cannot fail to be appreciated by the few who have the good fortune to participate in their enjoyment. This was remarkably the case last Thursday evening, when Mr. Felix Gatayes, under the patronage of his Worship the Mayor, and the Brazilian Consul General, offered as delicious a musical treat as it was possible almost to provide, but which was accepted by comparatively a small number of persons. Whether the Mayor was present or not, we cannot say, but we rather think the contrary. If our suspicions be correct, his worship paid Mr. Gatayes but a poor compliment in permitting his name to be used as an attraction. Mr. Gatayes is a foreigner, who has attained a respectable character on the continent for proficiency on the pianoforte, and for the neatness and sweetness of some musical compositions, which the programme tells us he has had the honour of performing before the courts of St. Petersburg, Munich, Milan, Naples, &c. He was a pupil of the celebrated Litz. On this evening he executed a grand fantasia and variations, and a quattro nocturno, and took part in a grand duo concertante for two pianofortes, with Mr. Elliott, with surprising brilliancy—all the pieces being of his own composition, and exhibiting proofs of high genius and extensive acquirement. He was rapturously applauded. Mr. Elliott acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of Mr. Gatayes and the audience. Mr. Walton, from Manchester, and Miss Waitnall, sung some pleasing songs with great pathos and sweetness, and joined with Mr. Hammond, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Lunt, in a glee and quartette, which were respectably performed. To give a variety to the amusements, there were also presented a duet concertante on the harp and violin by Miss Hammond and Mr. Eytton. We are afraid that praise is the only reward which the merits of Mr. Gatayes has received, and hope that, should he be prevailed upon to repeat his concert, he will have such a degree of encouragement as shall compensate him for the pecuniary loss which he must have sustained, and show that his talents are held in deserved estimation by the musical professors and amateurs of Liverpool, and can be admired by the public at large.

NEWARK.—Mr. Thalberg's concert at the Town-hall on Friday last, was very respectably and numerously attended. The pianoforte playing of this modern Briareus is perfectly marvellous, and altogether defies description. Mrs. Toulmin's beautiful contralto voice told delightfully, especially in Benedict's beautiful ballad, "Scenes of my Childhood." Miss Lucombe also added much to the pleasure of the audience. Mr. Richardson in his performance on the flute proved himself a finished performer. The singing of Mr. Parry jun., was excellent, and his imitation extemporaneously of an Italian trio excessively clever and highly amusing.

HEREFORD.—On Thursday evening, the assembly-room of the City Arms Hotel was nearly filled with a brilliant assemblage of the rank and fashion of the city and county, attracted thither by the prospect of a rich musical treat. M. Thalberg, who has been ranked among the first instrumentalists in Europe, is, it appears, on a professional tour through England, previously to his departure to his native land, whither he will return covered with "British glory." We infer that he is about to leave this country, from the ominous title—M. Thalberg's "Farewell" Concert; and go where he may, he will carry with him the highest admiration of the pianists, professors and amateurs, who have had the good fortune to hear and see him enacting wonders at the instrument. The concert opened with one of Bishop's delightful glees—"Blow gentle gales," which was executed in harmonious keeping, by Miss Lucombe, Mrs. A. Toulmin (late Miss Fanny Woodham),

and Mr. John Parry; after which, Miss Lucombe sung Bellini's well known "Qui la voce," from "I Puritani," with a sweetness and correctness of intonation, that commanded approbation. The expectation of the whole room was now directed to the entrance of M. Thalberg, who moved to the piano with an ease and modesty peculiarly prepossessing. He is of small stature, and of unaffected deportment; his complexion is fair, and his head, a phrenologist would say, has a fine general development, particularly of the organs of "time and tune." The instrument to which he sat down, was a grand one of Erard's—touch clean—tone round, full and clear. The main theme was the Chorus of Bards, from "La Donna del Lago," which was prefaced, or rather modulated into, by one of the most extraordinary musical performances which we ever witnessed. We never before had an opportunity of hearing M. Thalberg, but his fame had reached us on the far-spreading wings of the press; and although he had been described in strains of admiring rapture, we frankly confess he fully realized the most flattering description of his performances. He does not ever and anon sweep the chords producing that confusion of sounds, which has often made us exclaim—"Chaos is come again;" but each note, whether in the most delicate *diminuendo*, or the most powerful *crescendo*, is brought out in the greatest purity; his modulations are truly wondrous; running from key to key with a lightning rapidity, at the same time, with a precision as astonishing as admirable; thus he grasps "whole handfuls of chords," not with the fingers of a trickster, but with a solidity and fidelity, which seem as perfect as art can accomplish, while the beauty of his harmonies, the grace and sweetness of his passages, demonstrate powers, which have their source in nature, and stamp Thalberg as a true child of genius. It is superfluous for us to state that his performances were, at the conclusion, marked with the warmest applause. Mr. Parry now sung, with much feeling and smoothness, one of his own ballads—"Bridal Bells." Mr. Richardson, the celebrated flautist, next ascended the platform; in unaffected manner and gentleness of deportment, he seemed a faithful counterpart of Thalberg; and his performance harmonized with his appearance. His subject was the "Swiss Boy," played with great patience and pathos, while his variations were as difficult as they were pleasing—not two universal characteristics of variations. Mr. Richardson's tone has not so much of the trumpet sound as that of the late and lamented Nicholson, but it is of exquisite sweetness, while his execution is of the chastest character, uniting the two great desiderata, brilliance and fidelity. His descent of the chromatic scale and his double octaves are perfect. Mercadante's Aria "Ah! s'estinto," was sung with good taste and judgment by Mrs. A. Toulmin. The first part of the concert concluded with a Grand Fantasia by M. Thalberg, on themes from "Mose in Egitto," and were converted into bases for ever-changing groups of chords, which charmed the ear no less than they astonished the eye. The second act opened with a duet of Bishop's "Joyful words," then followed Drouet's celebrated Variations on "Rule Britannia," which the amateur flautist knows to be a composition very difficult to be performed perfectly; but this was accomplished completely by Mr. Richardson, who so enraptured his hearers, that he was enthusiastically encored. Miss Lucombe sung the pretty ballad by Moore, "When to sad music," with a simplicity and sweetness which produced an encore. Mr. John Parry performed, extemporaneously, his "trio buffo Italiano," or, Recollections of an Italian Opera; accompanying himself on the pianoforte, and succeeded in convulsing the audience with laughter, by his sudden and apposite transitions from Lablache to Grisi, and Grisi to Rubini, whom he imitated in a most masterly style of mimicry. The performance was rapturously encored, but Mr. Parry judiciously substituted another of a kindred character, (a course which we could wish to see oftener followed by the encored)—he performed a scene between an Italian singing-master and his fair English pupil, with the happiest effect; the pupil's sounding her *sol* for his *la*, and the exclamation of her graced-ear master, were admirable; and were only excelled by the burlesque of the same fair one's lesson in singing "Home, sweet Home." M. Thalberg lastly performed the delightful minuet and serenade in *Il Don Giovanni*; his performance now eclipsed that which had preceded; the ease yet energy, as free from "banging" (as a certain touch is termed, perhaps with more truth than elegance), as it was in unison with fine feeling, rivetted throughout, the attention and admiration of the entire room; and as the wondrous instrumentalist retired, he was greeted with the most rapturous plaudits of the whole audience. The beautiful glee, "Merry, merry elves we be," was the finale; and it was harmoniously sung by Miss Lucombe, Mrs. A. Toulmin, and Mr. John Parry. Never have we seen a more successful concert in this city: from the first moment to the last, the most pleasurable interest was observable throughout the room; and, on rising to depart, the countenances of all beamed with that satisfaction, which, more forcibly than language, describes a delighted mind; each smiling face eloquently expressed—

"An hour like this is worth a thousand passed  
In pomp or ease—'tis present to the last!  
Years glide away untold—'tis still the same;  
As fresh, as fair, as on the eve it came!

**NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE.**—We are most happy to congratulate the members of the choral society on the great success which has hitherto attended their efforts. Their second concert, which took place on Thursday evening, in the Town Hall, was numerously attended. The band and choir were full and efficient, numbering about sixty performers. The only engaged singers were Miss Leach and Mr. Pearsall. The pieces selected were parts of Haydn's Oratorio of the *Creation*, and Handell's *Judas Maccabeus*. Mr. Pearsall and Miss Leach sung in the airs and recitatives with finished taste and great effect. Mr. Abington also sung several passages in a very superior manner; but the choruses were the parts which shewed the progress the society had made, and the excellence that may be attained in a short time, with proper materials to work upon, and the desire of all to do their best. The choruses were gone through in excellent time and harmony, and produced a thrilling effect. Much praise is due to Mr. T. Mason for the perfection which the choristers have attained, and indeed for the whole getting up of the concert, which he conducted most ably. Mr. Scotcher led the band efficiently, and Mr. Bird the choir. It is very evident there is a growing taste for, and a more popular appreciation of, music; and it is in the spread and success of the "smaller" musical establishments, that we rest our hope of the perfect naturalization and adoption of the art among us. The formation of such societies as this, and the introduction of music into our literary and scientific, and mechanics' institutions, are the means best calculated to lead the great bulk of the people to take an interest in music for its own sake, and for themselves, and not because a particular *prima donna* happens to be the rage, or that going to a concert is considered a genteel amusement. We hope that the society will not rest satisfied with their present attainments, but aim at higher efforts.

**MANCHESTER.**—A concert was given here on Monday evening, and was highly successful. Miss Clara Novello, Miss M. B. Hawes, and Mr. Phillips, were the vocalists, and Mr. Blagrove delighted every one present by his violin playing.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**THALBERG.**—This great artist has been playing at Windsor, Richmond, and other towns near the metropolis. We had an opportunity of witnessing his performance at Richmond on Tuesday last. We shall not attempt a description, *decies repetita*, of his executive wonders; suffice it to say that he never played with greater brilliancy, or was more cordially appreciated. The Duchess of Cambridge was present, and indemnified the company for some little delay at the commencement by negotiating with Thalberg for an additional piece. The first was taken from Weber's *Oberon*, and introduced the cantabile in the overture and Turkish March, at first separately, then admirably interwoven, which led to the *Mermaid's Song*, given in tones of surpassing loveliness, and enveloped in a pearly shower of demi-semi-quavers. The next piece was the *Mosé*, which is well known. The third was *God save the Queen*, in compliment to the Duchess, and the fourth a fantasia from airs in *Don Giovanni*, including the serenade "Deh Vieni," and the minuet. Nothing could be more beautiful than the former, with its pizzicato accompaniment given in octaves, and the parts alternated for each hand; nor do we remember anything more grand and triumphant than the effect of the concluding minuet with its combination of stupendous chords in the bass, sonorous melody in the centre, and brilliant coruscations in the higher key. He was assisted by Mdlle. Ernesta Grisi, Miss Lucombe, Mrs. Toulmin, and Mr. John Parry, who acquitted themselves satisfactorily. No sooner had Thalberg arrived at Windsor on Monday for the purpose of giving his concert at the Town Hall than his presence was commanded at the Castle, and the following evening appointed by her Majesty for a performance of several of his favourite compositions. He gave a concert at Tonbridge Wells yesterday morning, and another at Hastings to-day, from thence he proceeds to Dover and Canterbury, and next week will visit the eastern counties.

**PHILHARMONIC.**—Mr. Blagrove and Mr. Lucas have been elected members of the Philharmonic Society, and Mr. Hatton an associate. A general meeting of the institution will take place shortly for the purpose of considering the propriety of not issuing tickets for the rehearsals beyond the personal admission of the members and the associates; also for the doing away with the issuing of single tickets to the concerts. The concerts of the next season will be given on Mondays—March 9 and 23—April 6 and 27—May 11 and 25—June 8 and 22.



The directors are Messrs. Dance, Potter, Anderson, F. Cramer, Loder, Neate and James Calkin.

THE ANCIENT CONCERTS will commence on the 11th of March.

PROPERTY IN COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The machinery and decorations are worth from '8000*l.* to 10,000*l.* The property consists of almost everything in creation, decorations of every nation and of all periods; there are creatures of all sorts, from the fly to the whale. The carpenter of the theatre has under his charge property of the value of 10,000*l.* The wardrobe is worth 10,000*l.*; the music library 1300*l.*; the dramatic library 230*l.*; and the organ cost 472*l.* 10*s.*

A NEW OPERA, by Rodwell, entitled the *Maid of Sarraagoesa*, has been accepted at Drury Lane, and will be produced after Christmas.

BLAGROVE has just returned from a very successful tour in the midland counties, where he has been giving concerts, assisted by Miss Bruce, Miss Dolby, Mr. Charles Blagrove, and the veteran Lindley, whose appearance was everywhere hailed with the most enthusiastic plaudits.

SPOHR'S NEW SYMPHONY, which we mentioned in our last number, to have been offered to the Philharmonic Society, for performance during the approaching season, has been, we are informed by a correspondent, written some time.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY. Judas Maccabeus was repeated last evening to a most crowded audience. The vocal performers were the same as at the first performance of the oratorio, with the exception of Mr. Bennett, who took the place of Mr. Harrison. The chorusses were generally very effective, and exhibited the vocal strength of the Society to much advantage; we may particularize the chorusses 'Oh! Father whose Almighty Power' (in which the subject of the fugue was finely given out by the bass voices), 'Tune your Harps,' 'We never will bow down,' 'We hear,' and 'Fall'n is the Foe.' 'Disdainful of Danger,' the favourite trio, was nicely sung by the principal vocalists. The Society has announced the performance of Handel's oratorio, *Solomon*, on the 22nd inst., with the following vocal performers:—Miss Birch, Miss Masson, Mrs. T. H. Severn (late Miss Cawthorn), Hobbs, A. Novello and Phillips.

NEW ORGANS.—The new churches of St. Peter, Mile End, and St. James', Holloway, were crowded, on Friday evening last, by persons desirous of hearing the instruments just erected in them, by the eminent firm of Messrs. Gray and Son, of the New Road. Mr. Robert Gray, "the celebrated pedalist," and Mr. Hopkins, performed several pieces on the organ at Mile End; the former gentleman played a fantasia, and also variations on "God save the Queen," both extempore, in a very able manner, exhibiting a perfect command over the instrument, in the various combinations of the stops, &c. Mr. Hopkins, who was formerly in the choir of Westminster Abbey, and recently gained the Gresham Prize Medal, has been elected the organist of the church, and in his performance and accompaniment of the Abbey choristers, who sang on the occasion a selection of sacred music, evinced great judgment. The instrument consists of two rows of keys, and pedal pipes to C C C. The swell contains eight stops, and is exceedingly effective. The instrument at Holloway is much smaller, and was exhibited to great advantage, under the magic touch of Thomas Adams.

BRITISH MUSICIANS. The first trial of new compositions took place yesterday at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MUSICAL EPITAPH. An Italian vocalist, named Miré, having buried her lover, inscribed upon his tomb, in musical type, the following notes:—

La, Mi, Re, La, Mi, La,

which our French readers will duly interpret.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Newsreader" has our thanks. Can he inform us what journal the analysis was in; or should he possess the original, lend it us?

"Pantagruel's" Parody will not suit our pages.

We have received several communications, and will reply to our correspondents next week.

The Subscription to the Stamped Edition of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is Sixteen Shillings a year, payable in advance. A Post-Office order can be obtained of any Postmaster for sixpence, making the amount payable in London.



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